

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

September 1930

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REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN

Per Year \$2.00

Canada, and Foreign \$2.25

Single Copies 20c

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CALENDARS

for

1931!

Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 9

The Last Flight

The sun dips slowly in the west
As up thy gallant aero flies
And thundering, eager for the test,
It mounts toward the azure skies.

Up! up! with silver wings outspread
Oh knightly heart too bold to stay!
Leave earth-born honors to the dead,
Not thine the deeds that pass away.

Thine is the quest of Holy Grail,
Oh youthful Pilot, pure, and free,
A vast ambition bids thee sail
To rest in God's eternity.

Then cease ye now, regretful tears.
No selfish thoughts may rise to mar
Thy fragrant memory down the years,
Since thou art happy there afar.

We see thy silver plane no more,
And we shall miss thee for life's while.
The last flight made—The danger o'er.
The prize is won—Thy Savior's smile.

Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

GETTING ONESELF TALKED ABOUT

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

St. Mary's Study Club did not get far in its reading that lovely afternoon before it struck a snag. Said snag was a quotation from a learned and holy writer of the thirteenth century. It ran thus: "Una donna non deve mai for parlare di sè."

Called upon for a translation, Father Casey gave one offhand: "A woman must never get herself talked about."

"There is medieval repression for you," cried the Banker's Wife, who was doing the reading. She closed the book and glared around the circle.

"In the middle ages woman was nobody, simply nobody," added the Bridge Champion.

"And the effrontery," continued the Banker's Wife. "He does not even consider it worth the trouble to adduce a proof of this outrageous statement. Listen, my dears: 'According to the accepted proverb—*accepted*, mind you—a woman must never get herself talked about.' Father Casey, what do you think about that?"

"Ladies, this is not my Study Club, it is yours," the priest replied. "Let us first hear what you think about the proposition. The Principal of the High School should be able to give us light on the subject."

"The proverb says, a woman should *never* get herself talked about. That," said the lady addressed, "is wrong. It goes too far. We all admit there are *some* cases in which a woman must not get herself talked about."

"Oh, of course, by criminal or shameful conduct. But that is beside the point. We did not need a proverb to tell us that," interposed the Social Worker.

"No, my dear," the Principal corrected, "I refer to cases not at all criminal or shameful—cases which might be found in our own circle, or in our own consciences, had we but the courage to examine them impartially."

"For instance?"

"Well—for instance, a woman is so thin-skinned she cannot suffer a breath of adverse criticism without losing her peace of mind or her

temper—or both. Another instance, a woman is so vain that she cannot hear a word of praise without becoming insufferably puffed up. Such women should never get themselves talked about. Because whoever is talked about is generally blamed by some and praised by others.”

“Yes,” added the Home Maker, “and the woman that gets all her motive power from praise. As soon as she begins any worthy undertaking, she expects everybody to stop his own work, throw his hat in the air, and shout hurrah for her. If they fail to do so, she grows straightway discouraged, condemns the society and the neighborhood and her friends—”

“And the clergy,” Father Casey interposed, making a wry face.

“Exactly. And ever afterwards she chants the funeral dirge: ‘I’m finished. I take no more interest in anything.’ Her cooperation may be sorely needed; everybody else may be working overtime; she may be appealed to with the utmost urgency. Useless. She will but sit and sing her sad refrain: ‘I’m finished. I take no more interest in anything.’”

“And there is the woman who is talked about because she incessantly talks about herself, about her achievements, about her family, about her childhood, about her ills; and, if all these fail to get her a hearing, she will even talk about her sins.”

“Yes, and the woman that gets herself talked about by talking about others, principally about their faults.”

“And the meddling woman; always intruding, interfering, upsetting. And the strong woman who must have supreme control of every undertaking. The moment the meeting is called, she dissolves parliament and constitutes herself dictator. And the contradictory woman; she is always ‘the opposition.’ Whenever she finds the group moving harmoniously in one direction, she must forthwith turn and walk the other way.”

“And the woman who is broad—so tolerant of error that she strains truth, so opposed to prudery that she endangers chastity.”

“Hear ye. Hear ye. Hear ye,” cried the Milliner. “What is this meeting turning into? A covert attack on our neighbors—or a contrite examination of our own consciences?”

“At least,” said the Bridge Champion, “we all agree that there are circumstances under which a woman should not get herself talked about.

If such is the sense of the proverb, we may let it pass. But why does it say 'never?' "

"Because it means 'never'—just that. A woman must *never* get herself talked about," said Father Casey.

"Didn't I tell you?" cried the Banker's Wife. "Those medieval schoolmen just cannot be human when they refer to woman. And to say too that the proverb was *accepted!*"

"So it was," the priest replied, "accepted by the women as well as by the men."

"Oh, of course. In the middle ages woman was a slave. She smiled graciously and bubbled over with gratitude if her lord and master, man, allowed her to live."

"A slave," cried the priest. "On the contrary, woman was a queen. Her realm was the home; her throne the domestic hearth. There she reigned supreme. Her husband might be an independent and powerful chieftain, yet he never dared question her authority nor countermand her orders in ruling her numerous children and vast household. Her bill of rights was the code of Catholic chivalry; her cherished ideal, the Holy House of Nazareth; her soldiers, every Christian man, be he king, knight, servant, or peasant,—ready, one and all, to lay down their life to prevent the slightest breath from tarnishing her fair fame. She had the rights of a queen. It necessarily followed that she had the restrictions of a queen. You know the saying, 'noblesse oblige.' A king may not come and go as he likes, consort with whomsoever he wishes, act as he pleases. He must observe kingly etiquette and submit to kingly restraint, otherwise he risks losing the fealty of his subjects and his right to the throne. So it was with the queen of the home. She could not abandon her rightful realm and thrust herself before the public eye without stepping down from the high place in which Christian chivalry and knightly reverence had installed her. It was not hers to mingle in public life but to bear and bring up Christian men who would guide affairs of state according to the principles she had instilled into their young minds. A woman should never get *herself* talked about."

"Ah, Father, it is clear you still hold 'woman's place is in the home.' But don't you think conditions have changed?"

"I not only think it; I know it. The twentieth century is not the thirteenth."

"Woman has at last been emancipated," said the Bridge Champion.

"Emancipated?" The priest wondered. "She is no longer subject to the former restrictions—the restrictions of a queen—because she has lost her throne. My dictionary does not give that as the definition of emancipation."

"At least you admit the proverb no longer holds: a woman must never get herself talked about?"

"Yes, conditions have so far changed that it is now woman's duty to get herself talked about." A spontaneous burst of applause greeted this statement. Father Casey threw a wet blanket on the enthusiasm by adding: "However I do not see that this is a benefit to the men and the women of the present day—nor a compliment either."

"Why not, Father?"

"Because it signifies that the men are lacking in the wisdom or the faith or the courage to carry on the work in what should be their own proper field, hence the women must step out and help them. It signifies that the women too fail to rise to the level of their high office since they no longer bear and rear the right kind of men."

"You say, Father, that nowadays a woman should get herself talked about. You mean by running for office—and—and things like that?"

"I mean by doing everything whereby, considering her ability, influence, wealth, social standing, and the time she has left after attending to home duties, she can help to make the world a little better."

"That leaves out most of us," said the Widow.

"On the contrary, it leaves out none of you."

"I must try to get myself talked about as candidate for the United States Senate," laughed the Milliner.

"Or suppose you begin just a step or two lower. Get yourself talked about by the abandoned patients in the county hospital. Make them talk about how humble and friendly and cheerful and constant you are in visiting them. Get yourself talked about for your charity and helpfulness toward the suffering and destitute families here in your own neighborhood. Get yourself talked about at St. Vincent de Paul headquarters as the industrious little woman who is always bringing in valuable collections of used clothing and so forth. Get yourself talked about by the poor foreign children down on the river front as the dear lady who organized their catechism class and went into their homes to coax them to come and went after them whenever they failed to appear

and made the lessons so attractive that at last they learned to be good Catholics. Get yourself talked about as a patron of this splendid new movement: a summer course in catechism for public school children."

"What of getting one's self talked about by one's pastor?" the widow asked maliciously.

"Splendid! Excellent!" he cried, not at all abashed by the hand clapping which greeted his enthusiasm. "Get yourself talked about by pastor and people as the woman that can always be counted upon to give her very best energies, without a shade of ambition, self-seeking, or jealousy, to every parish activity."

"Why, Father Casey, I am surprised at your advocating such a thing. Broad-minded Catholic women of today are trying to get away from this narrow parochialism for vaster fields and wider horizons." The Bridge Champion said this half teasingly and half in earnest.

"She means they are trying to get away from monthly Communion and the weekly collection envelope," murmured the Widow.

"Every worth-while Catholic woman," said the priest, "must do her full duty as a member of the parish to which she belongs. If she *stops* there, it is narrow parochialism; if she *begins* there, it is the broadest, sanest, and most efficient form of true Catholic Action. The parish, especially here in America, is the unit. The parish that is well organized, united, active, fervent, not only succeeds itself, it can, on the shortest notice, be mobilized for, and contribute powerfully towards, any worthy movement, diocesan, state, national, or world-wide."

"You mentioned Catholic Action," said the Social Worker; "I notice the Holy Father is urging it on every occasion. I suppose he approves of our getting ourselves talked about by taking part in Catholic Action."

"Most assuredly. The pestilential air of paganism is penetrating everywhere today—into our legislative halls, our courts of justice, our social, business, recreational life, even into the sanctuary of the home. Your sisters of the Middle Ages were blest in not having this evil to contend with. Face conditions as they are. Do not fear to get yourselves talked about. Stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of Christian education, modest dress, a clean stage, an honest press, wholesome movies, innocent amusements, decent company-keeping, indissoluble marriage, respect for the natural and divine law in marital relations."

"How can we do that? By working to have laws passed?"

"Whenever that is judged the prudent and necessary way, yes. But human society is governed more by custom than by law. Therefore strive rather to foster correct Christian customs in these matters."

"But, Father, you must tell us the way."

"If you have the will, you can find the way. No law of God or man can sweep the world with such incredible swiftness and command such abject obedience as some new mode of cutting your gown or dressing your hair. How well you understand how to foster such customs! Use the same methods, whatever they are, to foster Christian customs, and you will transform the world."

"I can well imagine how thoroughly we would get ourselves talked about, were we to do that—nor would all the talk be complimentary either."

"Not all the talk, even about the Lord of heaven and earth, was complimentary. Take the stand duty and prudence dictate, and let tongues wag as they will. Men may misjudge you, but God cannot. The way He talks about you, when you stand before Him for your final sentence—that is the only thing that matters."

THE FLOWER

A wild flower grew upon the plain,
Half hidden 'neath the grasses high.
In sweet contentment to remain
Till stepped upon by passer-by.

Each morn to lift a nodding head,
All rainbow-colored, to the day,
Though eventide should find it dead
With none to mark it as it lay.

"Why art thou different, flower?" I cried:

"Why not these other grasses such?"

The whispering blossom soft replied:

"I have received God's finger touch."

BRO. REGINALD, C. Ss. R.

The Last Straw

M. S. KALLENBACH

Eleanor leaned against the table with the most desolate look in her eyes. John was a wretch! With the dawn had come their tenth anniversary and he had left without remembering it. How attentive he had been before and just after their wedding day, but now, her hero had vanished and just a wooden Indian remained.

Two salty tears rolled down upon her dress. She had been meek too long. It was time to change her front—now, before her whole life became one long tragedy.

She might just as well look the matter straight in the eye. What had she married? Just a mechanical man who ate, slept, rose and went to work. Something must be done, but what?

A sudden peal of the door bell interrupted her thought and into the room dashed her old crony, Mattie Lukens. They kissed with abandon and her best friend sank into the nearest chair and buttered a piece of toast. Eleanor turned to heat up the coffee again.

"Happy anniversary!" exclaimed Mattie between munches. "I can give you the whole day. What will we do?"

"Oh," exclaimed the desolate wife, "*You* didn't forget, did you?"

"Forget! Me! Never! Life would be a blank if we left out all sentiment." She reached for another slice of toast.

"But Mattie," the wife turned her head nervously to listen for a cry from the nursery, "John forgot."

"He did!" Eyes lifted toward the ceiling, but the jaws did not cease. "Just like a man. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes—love don't last long."

Mattie was forty and an advanced female. Matrimony had paled long ago, as a possibility.

But to Eleanor her words were just the proof she needed. Didn't Mattie have a much wider knowledge of wedded life than she did? Mattie was always on the go visiting her married friends and drawing her own conclusions from what she saw. A flush began creeping over her cheek.

"But I don't care. I can live life without sentiment!" Eleanor threw up her head proudly.

"We have been so happy till lately," she sniffled.

Mattie smiled cynically. She had always fancied John as her own particular prey until he led Eleanor to the altar.

"Divorce is easy now-a-days," she suggested quickly.

"Mattie!" exclaimed a shocked voice, "I'm surprised at you. How can you suggest such a thing. No." She clinched her hands, "I married him because I loved him and I still do even if—" her voice trails off into a wail.

"But he doesn't love you now," the temptress began, "or he wouldn't forget such an important day as this. You've been tied to him too long. A decade is a lifetime, and four children—why woman that's a terrible tax." Mattie's tones were contemptuous.

"Not a tax, Mattie," rebuked her friend, "but I will admit they are confining. I never get out much."

"Out—I should say not. You're just a prisoner—a life prisoner," Mattie continued, "you are married and buried. When did you last see a rattling good show? A miserable little dinner for the whole family and a friend or two is your whole excitement from one month's end to another. I tell you he is a selfish wretch. Why, he won't even let you run your own car? And you such an angel to him, too."

Eleanor began to weep softly.

A sarcastic laugh was the response.

"Of course you had to have the lover's stage, but now you are waking up. Can't you see it?"

"But Mattie, I never could stop loving John," the tone was muffled and moist.

"Don't cross *that* bridge until you come to it. My, your nerves are bad jumping to such quick conclusions, like that. What you must do is give him a lesson he won't forget. Jolt him. Wake him up. Let him see that you can get along without him."

Her friend looked positively heroic to Eleanor, as she lifted voice and hands to emphasize her delivery, and she began to feel a new impulse to assert herself, if nothing else, at least before this friend.

"But how can I do it?" she asked.

"Let's slip off to Chicago and take in the week end. I'll engage a suite at the Wabash hotel and let the old gang know you're on hand. First get rid of the children."

Eleanor let out a shriek.

"Now, there you go popping off again," exclaimed Mattie, "I don't mean to kill them. Send them up to my mother—or better, we'll make them, dress them and take them to her. She will be as good as gold to them."

"But their daddy will miss them so!"

"Serve him right;" the friend stood up. "Come on, let's go."

Eleanor followed her up stairs without another word.

Late that evening she sat in the pretty white and gold suite of the Wabash with remembered caresses of little ones still lingering on lips and cheek. So at last they were separated—she from them—and John from all of them. He would come home to an empty house on his tenth anniversary! She bit her lip to keep back a groan. Freedom was proving a trifle bitter—but the lesson must go on. It was now or never. Mattie so insisted and she ought to know. Didn't she see the world. But deep down in her heart she was glad of the note left on the dining table. Though it left much to the imagination. She wondered if after reading it, he would realize that he had been a brute. She smiled as she thought of his amazement. It was beginning to be as good as a show already.

Mattie came in with another rush.

"The gang simply hit the roof. Everybody is coming up to celebrate your tenth anniversary in great style. We'll have a buffet supper and go to a dance. Oh boy!"

Mattie's gaiety was contagious and soon Eleanor had forgotten the wrench of parting with the kiddies. But somehow the feeling didn't wear well. They were late for the supper and Eleanor thought about John. He would find nothing to eat and a sudden rush of tears blinded her. Mattie talked glibly on, unconscious of the tragedy in her friend's thoughts.

The evening soon became a nightmare to Eleanor. The old crowd jabbered loudly and sang louder. They danced every dance until her feet were blistered. Everyone asked how John was and told her she looked twenty years younger. She felt she actually looked terrible. When they began rethreshing out old times, she almost wept. When Philip Arnold leaned over her and told her she was a "Peach" she could have struck him.

After they had gone, Mattie beamed at her.

"You were the toast of the ball," she complimented. "I knew Phil never got over caring for you."

"Oh, Phil's a fool," Eleanor sputtered.

"Well, anyway he never forgot you. He'd never be such a brute as John is."

"Brute, my John a brute, why you're crazy!" snapped the victim who wanted to hear no more. She had reached the limit of homesickness and fatigue. "Good night, I'm sleepy." But when she reached her room she fell over the bed in a torrent of tears.

"Brute," she sobbed, "He's a darling! Oh why did I come!" Sleep was miles away.

As she tossed about miserable with her thoughts, the sudden conviction overwhelmed her that it was Sunday morning and that she and John had never missed nine o'clock Mass and communion with their eldest born, except when she was ill. He had often jokingly said that she would be the first to break the beloved habit—the first to break their proud rule. How could she have been so reckless. Mattie's mother would never think of taking little John to confession. How could she have been so negligent. How could she forget the happiness it had been to go all together to the holy Sacrifice and that look in John's eyes, when the Divine Saviour was so closely one with them.

"O my God," she sobbed remorsefully, "forgive me! I am an utter failure." Bitter regret swept over her. How silly to repine over such small things and to place herself in this false position. Perhaps John would never go to the altar again. Terrifying thoughts swept her to her feet.

She looked at her watch. It was two-thirty. She hurriedly dressed determined to get away. There was a three o'clock Mass for newspaper men somewhere. She must get there,—perhaps she could confess and catch the first train back home at six A. M. As she closed the window, the first cold grey streaks of dawn broke slowly over the horizon.

"Oh, I want to get home," she gasped.

Leaving a note with the clerk for Mattie, she quickly checked out. The sleepy-eyed elevator operator eyed her in amazement. Never did anyone arise in that hotel until noon, especially on Sunday. A taxi took her to church and a stricken and sincere penitent emerged a few minutes later. She still had a few hours for remorseful thought at the station.

Never had the train trip seemed so tardy. Her eager nerves were strained to the snapping point. Like a naughty child expecting a whipping, she stepped upon her own front porch. She thought of the children so far away—and groaned.

She found the place deserted downstairs. As she opened her bedroom door, she saw John leaning against the window frame. His face was tired and haggard. He had noted her return from there.

As the door swung to with a snap, he turned.

"Ellie!" was all he said; but it was enough.

In another moment she was sobbing in his arms. He stroked her hair and comforted her. As the stress of emotion passed, he said:

"It was like a graveyard and I had such a nice surprise for you. I brought Marge back with me because I wanted to take you to town for our anniversary. I couldn't reach sister definitely until noon, so, as it was to be a surprise, I said nothing at breakfast. I brought her and the tickets back with me—and found—the empty nest. Gosh, Nell, it was a nightmare! I shipped Marge back with the tickets and told her to take mother—"

Eleanor was laughing hysterically now.

"O John, John, you did remember after all!"

"Why of course, I did. It doesn't seem ten years, does it. Time is just standing still."

She patted his face.

"It's all right now," she said happily; "I was silly to pack off in a fret."

"Maybe we're both to blame," just then the bell rang for Mass. "But let's go down to church now, and after breakfast we shall both fetch the kiddies. I can't bear to leave them with that meddlesome old maid one minute longer than necessary."

"Say something nice to her, John," Eleanor pleaded. "She cannot help being an old maid—and you know—I've got you." She clutched his arm closely and never let go his sleeve until he opened the door of the church.

Let us be, then, what we are—and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to the truth and the sacred professions of friendship.—Miles Standish.

The Most Human of All Saints

SAINT AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Fifteen hundred years ago, on August 28, in the year 430, there died in the city of Hippo, in Africa, St. Augustine. Fifteen hundred years ago,—and still that name is held in honor, still that name ranks in philosophy and theology, still that name is loved. Hardly a book is written on philosophical or theological questions, but that name is mentioned. He figures among the great captains of thought of all times.

But more remarkable still, his story still attracts and warms the heart of man. Ever since Christian art busied itself with portraying Saints, St. Augustine has been pictured with a flaming heart in his hand. The character of the man and the saint could hardly have been symbolized more truly. For if in him we admire the gifts of mind that astonished the ages, we admire still more the gifts of heart that make him in the words of his latest biographer, Katherine J. Mullany, "the most human of all saints."

THE HOME

St. Augustine was born on November 13, 354, in Thagaste, in northern Africa. Miss Mullany thus describes his birthplace for us:

"The birthplace of St. Augustine was a small free-town of Romanized northern Africa. As it nestled among the surrounding hills, sheltered by oak and pine trees interspersed with cork and ilex, it was a laughing place full of greenery and running waters. A full foliaged land resonant with the sound of rushing streams and downpouring cataracts and the songs of nightingales

"The little free-town was placed at the junction of many Roman roads, over which the Imperial mail with its glittering equipages and outriders dashed with great speed from city to town and from town to city, stopping only at wayside inns for inner refreshment for man and beast and for change of horses

"Thagaste was also a market town, where the breadstuffs and Numidian wines were bartered for the flocks of Aures, leather, dates and the esparto basket-work of the Sahara regions, as well as the marbles of Simitthu and costly citron-wood of which precious tables were made. It was the great mart of woodland Numidia, its warehouse and its bazaar

"The country in which Augustine was born had been subdued by Romans and civilized by Roman culture until its power and magnificence rivaled that of Rome itself. Its vast fertile regions became one of the most valuable portions of the Empire and the great granary on which the Imperial City depended for the food of its people.

"The Romans, according to their usual policy, had planted numerous colonies on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, and great tracts of its fertile corn lands had been allotted to the noble families of Rome who cultivated them by the help of slave labor.

"Wherever towns sprang up they were adorned with temples, basilicas, baths and theatres. The language and manners of Rome were universally adopted and the province of Africa became more thoroughly Latinized than usual, making it the most Roman outside of Italy."

We must also understand the world of religious ideas into which Augustine was born. It was some forty years after Constantine had put an end to the persecutions of the Christians by his Edict of Milan. Already various heresies had arisen to trouble the peace of the Church. And, "it was not rare to find," says Hatzfeld in his life of St. Augustine, "in one little town of a province in Africa, a Catholic Bishop, a Donatist bishop and a Manichean bishop, each with his votaries contesting the faith of the people and distributing books and catechisms."

But that is not all. A great deal of the world was still pagan. Augustine's own father, Patricius, was a pagan,—“from the instinctive conservatism of the citizen and landowner who sticks obstinately to his class and family traditions,—although paganism in his day was in bad odor with the Christian government.”

Patricius was fairly wealthy; he must have been quite a personage in his town, since he belonged to the Decuriones or Urban Council,—which meant that he “must have owned more than twenty-five acres and lived in considerable style.”

Augustine's mother was Monica, the Saint. Hardly any name calls up to our minds so quickly all that is associated with the eternal mother. The name of Monica, the mother sorrowing and conquering, has reached into every Christian home with that of her son Augustine.

Patricius was well over forty; she only eighteen when they were married. Why, at that date, the middle of the fourth century, when the government was Christian and Africa's population in great part born

Catholics, she should have married a pagan, is not easy to explain. Katherine Mullany suggests that the marriage was arranged by the parents of the two, Monica obeying as a Roman maiden would. It is likely, too, that Monica at that time did not possess the rare sanctity that was perfected in the trials and tears of later life.

Patricius, moreover, was a man of violent character. Her son, Augustine tells us with what patience and humility she met his violence, gradually softening his character while perfecting her own. Towards the end of his life Patricius entered the Church.

EARLY CHILDHOOD

The early years of the Saint hardly hold any promise or inkling of the glorious career that was to be his.

He was not baptized till he was thirty. Such was a rather widespread custom of those days, and Monica, for some reason or other submitted to it. However, with Patricius' consent, Augustine was made a catechumen from his birth, by the sign of the Cross on his forehead and the blessed salt. As he himself says: "I was marked with the sign of the Cross of Our Lord and embalmed with His salt as soon as I issued from the womb of my mother, who had fixed all her hope in Him."

From that day his Christian education began. "This name of my Saviour, Thy Son," he writes, "I drew it in with my mother's milk, and kept it at the bottom of my heart." And again he says: "She taught me from my infancy the eternal life which the humility of Thy Son, abased to our pride, has promised to us, O Lord, our God."

So powerful, in fact, was this tender and gentle teaching of Monica, that St. Augustine could write in his Confessions: "She succeeded, O my God, in making Thee more my father than he (Patricius) was."

SCHOOL DAYS

From the very beginning Augustine gave evident signs of his extraordinary talents so that he roused his father's ambition and he prepared to give the boy the best possible education. Like all Roman lads, our Saint began with the grammar school in his home town; thence he passed to the school of rhetoric at Madaura; and completed his studies in the University at Carthage.

In his day many of the schoolmasters were Christian. At the end of the second century we find Arnobius, himself a convert and rhetor-

ician, citing a number of other converts who "were orators of great talent, grammarians, rhetoricians, doctors and masters of philosophy." We have no reason to suppose that they gave up their profession after their conversion. Origen, for instance, the great Christian writer, began his career as a teacher in a grammar school and continued for a while to gain a livelihood for himself, his mother and brothers, by that work, as we learn from Eusebius' History of the Church. Flavian, who died as a martyr for the Faith, in Africa, in the middle of the third century, also was a grammar school teacher, and the Acts of his Martyrdom tell us that his pupils tried every means in their power to save him from death.

Gradually conversions became more common and with the dawn of the Christian Empire under Constantine, no doubt, there were a great number of Christian teachers. Judging from St. Augustine's references in his book of Confessions, to his years at school, the education given consisted almost entirely of the explanation of pagan classics and of the mythological fables. Virgil and Horace, for instance, could not be explained without describing at every turn the adventures of gods and goddesses. But, at least later on, the Christian teachers knew how to draw morals for their pupils from these pagan sources.

Memory work formed a great part of the system, and that is why, when reading the writings of the Fathers, we come not only upon frequent allusions to the pagan classics, but even to verbal imitations of them. Greek and Latin entered into the regular curriculum of the Roman schoolboy, as we see from the letters of St. Jerome as well as from the Confessions of St. Augustine.

A DAY AT SCHOOL

A schoolboy of the fourth century,—no other than St. Augustine himself,—has left us a description of an elementary school, in which with other young Romans of Africa and Numidia he began the study of the rudiments. Every town and village had its infant school; Thagaste was no different from the rest.

At a sign from the master all the children began in chorus: "One and one makes two; two and two makes four,"—and the noise of the young voices filled the village street. (Confessions, I.13.) "Oh, how hateful that song!" thought one of the little lads, our Saint, to whom arithmetic was nothing else than the promise of another switching.

Later on, when he had become one of the glories of the Church and a beacon light for mankind, Augustine reflected pleasantly on these memories.

"I was sent to school," he says, "to learn to read. Unfortunately I did not see the utility of all this work. Still, when I was too lazy to learn, I was beaten,—and the older folks thought this was right and just."

The Christian atmosphere which began to penetrate all society, together with the teaching of his mother at home, influenced the boy Augustine also, as he writes in his *Confessions*:

"When I was still a child I implored Thee to be my support and refuge; my tongue was loosened to invoke Thee; and little as I was, I begged of Thee with the greatest fervor not to let me be beaten at school. And when Thou didst not hear me, my masters and my parents, who really did not wish me ill, smiled at the blows that to me seemed the greatest and most terrible misfortune. And still, I did not stop making mistakes, whether in reading or in writing or in the lessons that were demanded of me." (*Confessions*, I. 9.)

One of the reasons for these persistent blunders was the habit, common among the children of Africa, of using their native patois. Besides, Augustine went through his lessons in a distracted way, and while the master taught, he was dreaming of the playtime that would follow the insipid lesson. "I loved to play," he tells us; and, "I was eager to see the shows and the games that were reserved for grown men." (*Confessions*, I. 10.)

Class opened with the recitation of the lessons. "I was forced to learn by heart the adventures of some fellow called Aeneas, and to weep over Dido who killed herself for love." (*Confessions*, I. 14.)

When Latin was finished, they took up Greek. "Whence came my aversion for Greek where I found the same line of fables? For Homer knows admirably how to weave similar tales. Nothing is sweeter than his poetic fancies and still they were bitter to my childhood." (*Confessions*, I. 14.)

"I believe," he adds, "that Greek children find the same disgust in learning Virgil that I experienced in Homer. No doubt, what spread all this bitterness for me over the sweetness of these Greek tales was the difficulty of learning an entirely strange language. Really I would

not know a word; fear and chastisement alone forced me to study." (Confessions, I. 14.)

He liked best the works of Terence, who was an African by birth, and the scenes of Virgil's Aeneid which were laid in nearby Carthage. "All this I learned with pleasure,—it was my delight; and they called me a child of bright promise." (Confess. I. 16.)

After the recitation of the lessons, came the explanation of grammar and correct pronunciation. The great thing was to avoid all barbarisms and all solecisms. "I was very much afraid of sinning against grammar; and when I made a mistake I was jealous of those who succeeded better than I did."

It was very hard to correct the accent which false pronunciations and local dialects had impressed on them. The supreme elegance consisted in losing completely the African accent. The boys corrected each other vehemently and maliciously criticized their masters; for, "even the teachers at times pronounced words contrary to the laws of grammar, as for instance the word 'hominem,' without aspirating the first syllable 'ominem.'" (Conf. I. 18.)

School began early. "It is you," says Ovid, the poet, to Aurora (the Dawn), "who rouses the child from sleep to deliver him to the pitiless master." In winter they did not even await the dawn, but marched off to school when it was still dark. Juvenal speaks of "young Virgils and Horaces all blackened from the smoke of the lamps that were used to light the places where school was held." At noon the children went home for the midday meal, after which they returned again to school. There they passed the greater part of the day. Of course, not all this time was devoted to class; there were also hours of study, during which they did written work. They rested from one task by doing another!

The elementary teacher, called the *Primus Magister*, ruled literally with the rod. Augustine, in later life denounced these punishments, as we read in his Confessions:

"For who is he that weighing things well will justify my being flogged when a boy for playing at ball, because by that play, I was hindered from learning so quickly those arts which, when grown up, I should play worse, as he was meanwhile doing by whom I was corrected; who, if overcome in some petty dispute by some fellow teacher,

was more racked by anger and envy than I was when outdone by my play-fellow in a game of ball."

THE BOY

St. Augustine, apparently, was a rather difficult child,—unless we consider his Confessions exaggerated. Probably they do bring little things too much into emphasis. At any rate, this is the picture of himself during his school days:

"I say and I confess before Thee, my God, how I thought that to obtain the admiration of those who praised me, was to live well. I did not see the gulf of corruption into which I was plunging far from Thy gaze.

"For what could there be more guilty than I in my actions, when, forgetting whom I was displeasing, I deceived by continual lies my governors, my masters, my parents, enticed by my love of gambling or my taste for vain shows and the wish to imitate them? I also stole provisions from the cellar, or from the table of my parents, either for greediness or to give to other children, who made me pay them for playing with me though it was a pleasure to them.

"In these games I often got the victory by cheating, yielding to the vain pride of victory over others; and there was nothing with which I was more impatient and which I reproached more angrily in others, if I chanced to discover it, than just what I was doing to them. But if I was caught myself, I flew into a violent rage, rather than own it."

But there was another side to the picture. He could say of himself; "I kept by an interior instinct the integrity of my reason. In my little thoughts about little things, I loved truth, and I did not wish to be deceived. I was well gifted with memory; and friendship delighted me. I fled from meanness and ignorance, as well as from suffering. How many things worthy of praise show themselves in this little being! And all these are the gifts of my God. I have not given them to myself. These are treasures and these treasures are myself. He who has made me is good, and He is Himself my treasure. And it is to Him that I render thanks with rapture for all the treasures I possessed as a child." (Confess. I. 18.)

About this time, when his days at the grammar school at Thagaste were drawing to a close, Augustine fell seriously ill, and they feared for his life. He himself begged his mother to have him baptized; and

Monica made all preparations for it. However, the boy's condition changed for the better, and she thought it wiser to defer baptism once more. St. Augustine, reflecting on this later on, writes:

"Thou hast seen, Lord, when I was still a child, that I was attacked suddenly by colic and a fever which threatened my life. And with what faith and eagerness of soul I besought from the piety of my mother, and from Thy Church, the common mother of us all, the baptism of Thy Christ, my God and my Lord. And how the mother of my flesh whose chaste heart full of trouble desired above all things to bring forth my eternal salvation in Thy faith, was hastening to prepare everything that I might be initiated, and washed in this salutary sacrament, and that I might confess Thee, Lord Jesus, for the remission of my sins,—when I was suddenly cured.

"My baptism was then put off as if it had been as inevitable that I should sin still, as that I should live; and because sins committed after baptism were considered much graver and more dangerous It might have been better that I had recovered later, that by the zeal of me and mine I might have received health of soul, and that it might have been preserved to me by Thy protection who had given it to me!

"But what waves of temptation were to break over me! My mother foresaw them and she preferred to deliver over to them the clay from which one day a new man should be born, rather than his image already formed." (Conf. I. 11.)

(To be continued.)

AN APPRECIATION

The Rev. A. Bruce Gardiner, of the Union of South Africa, addresses a Presbyterian Assembly at Kimberley, as follows:

"We were brought up to believe that the Roman Church was a synagogue of Satan, that deadly error was at the very core of its teaching, and that consequently it was scarcely possible for anyone who followed it to be saved.

"Today even a convinced Protestant is able to appreciate and to value the extensive and priceless devotional literature which the Church of Rome has bequeathed to the world. We frankly and gladly acknowledge that she has been the mother of Saints. We read of them, draw strength of soul from their memory and inspiration from their words."

The King's Gift

SAMPLING A GOOD BOOKLET

THE EDITOR

Under the title of—"The King's Series for Children"—Father W. J. Raemers, C.Ss.R., is publishing a series of six booklets for children, dealing with God and His Creatures, Our Lord, Holy Mass, Frequent Communion, The Blessed Sacrament, and the Catholic Church.

We have before us Number Four of the Series. It is on Frequent Communion and its title is: "The King's Gift." We could say a great deal about the merits of these booklets. But we think it best to reproduce here in part, one of the chapters of this number. This will give our readers the best idea of the nature of this series. Each book contains thirty short stories which are intended to teach boys and girls to have a practical love for their Holy Faith.

Chapter III. of the present booklet is entitled: When May This Gift Be Received. We read:

"Since the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, our Divine Lord has worked many miracles to confirm our belief in the Real Presence. We read, for instance, that the Sacred Host has been seen suspended in the air, and blood has been seen to flow from it during the Holy Mass. From the many remarkable stories told about the Holy Eucharist, we will choose just two.

THE PATRONESS OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS

A traveller who goes to Italy and visits Bologna, can see the tombstone of Blessed Imelda. She died in 1393, being just seven years old. This little girl had a great longing to make her First Communion; but as she was so young she was told she must wait. One Feast day Imelda seeing a number of people going up to the altar rails, began to cry because she was not allowed to receive Holy Communion. There was One however who does not measure the years but the love of His children. He knew her desire, and came to her in a miraculous way.

Whilst the priest held the Blessed Sacrament and said: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world" Lo! a ray of dazzling light went from the Sacred Host to Imelda who was kneeling at the back of the chapel. The priest was

astonished to find that the Blessed Sacrament had left his hand, and looking down in the direction of the ray of light, he saw what seemed to be a bright star suspended above the head of the little child. Leaving the altar, he went down to her and saw above her head the Host surrounded with a great light. The priest knowing on account of this miracle that God wished to enter the soul of this child, took the Sacred Particle, and with a trembling hand gave it to her.

Soon afterwards Imelda was seen to lean on one side; and although there was a peaceful and angelic smile on her beautiful face, it was deadly pale. "There is something the matter with her!" someone remarked. What could it be? All who were near saw that her tiny hands were clasped upon her breast as if she wanted to hold fast the great Treasure she then possessed. At last one whispered: "She is dead." Yes, Imelda had passed away. Her joy at having Jesus within her was so great that her heart was too weak to bear it. Intense happiness had actually snapped the thread of her life, allowing her innocent soul to wing its flight to Paradise.

Blessed Imelda whose feast is kept on September 11, is honored today as the Patroness of First Communicants. In all parts of the world thousands of clients love to read each month the booklet called after her—Imeldist.

"Imelda, sweetest wonder-child,
We greet thee in thy glory;
We love thee, fragrant little flower,
And love thy gracious story.

A FAVORED BOY

There was born at Muro, in Italy, on April 6, 1726, a boy called Gerard Majella, who was destined to become a Saint as a Lay Brother in the Redemptorist Congregation. When he was only six years old he loved to make little altars, which he adorned with pictures, flowers and candles. He was so fond of saying his prayers that he could speak to God for hours at a time.

Early in the morning Gerard would run off to Mass with the eagerness with which other boys of his age hasten to their favorite games. His one desire was to make his first Communion; but as he was only eight, he was told that he must wait.

One morning when he saw a number of people going up to the

altar, his longing to receive our Blessed Lord was so great that he could not resist going up to the rails and kneeling with the others. The priest recognized him, and so passed him by without giving him Holy Communion, because he was so young. The little boy was very disappointed and returned to his place weeping; nor could anyone that day restrain his tears. Our Lord alone could satisfy the cravings of his heart; and this God did in a marvellous way. That night when Gerard had gone to bed, his little room was lighted up by the presence of Saint Michael, bearing the Holy Eucharist. The boy seeing the Archangel, the special guardian of the Blessed Sacrament, immediately went on his knees, and from him received his First Holy Communion. The next morning the boy in all simplicity told others what had happened.

This was not the only occasion on which Jesus gratified the desires of this little boy. We are told for instance that a priest found him one day kneeling before the altar and asked him what he was doing. "Oh, a little child came out of the tabernacle," he answered, "and gave me Holy Communion." No wonder that Gerard's heart was burning with love for the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar! This favoured boy was often heard to say to his companions: "Come! Let us visit Jesus Christ, our dear Prisoner."

THE CHILDREN'S POPE

Maureen had been reading the life of Blessed Imelda, and wondered why she had not been allowed to make her First Communion at the age of seven, for she had been permitted at the convent to make hers when only six.

Her mother explained to her how in those days the usual age for a child to go to Holy Communion was about eleven. "I did not make mine," she said, "till I was nearly twelve years old."

Maureen was surprised to hear this, and then asked her mother if she went to Holy Communion every day. "Ah, very few people did that when I was a girl," she answered. "But Pope Pius X made a wonderful change. He sent a beautiful letter to the whole world in which he encouraged every Catholic to go to Holy Communion every day. I remember the month and the year well," added Maureen's mother. "I was in Ireland at the time. It was a Sunday in December, 1905, that the priest, during the Mass, read to us the Pope's Decree.

The Holy Father said that it was Our Lord's wish that all His followers should receive Holy Communion frequently, provided they did not go to the altar out of routine, and were not conscious of offending God seriously."

"And did the Pope then say that children of seven could go?" interrupted Maureen.

"No, dear, not in that letter," she replied, "but five years later, in 1910. It was on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption that Pius X sent his letter to the children. In it he reminded them of Our Lord's love for the little ones, and of his delight to be in their company. Knowing this, the Pope said that, in future all boys and girls should make their First Communion as soon as they had reached the use of reason, that is, about the seventh year. If you look at that book with the dark blue cover, Maureen," she said, pointing to the shelf in the corner, "you will read all about it."

Soon the girl was turning the pages of a book entitled: Early First Communion. After a few minutes she said:

"Mother, here is a lovely letter written by Pope Pius X to a little French boy, who wrote to thank him for allowing little children to go to Holy Communion. Shall I read it?"

"Do; I should like to hear it again," her mother replied. Maureen then read aloud the following:

"My dear Gerard:

Your nice letter was a real comfort to me; for if, as the Psalmist says, it is out of the mouths of babes and sucklings that God perfects His praise, since it is He who grants them speech, then it must have been He and no other who willed the decree about First Communion. So I thank you for this consolation, and still more for the prayers you are going to offer for me to the good Jesus when, in a few days, you will receive Him in Holy Communion. In token of my gratitude I send you a little souvenir for that occasion, and will pray for you that you may always keep as good as upon that day for the consolation of your family. And now, my dear Gerard, with all my heart I give a very special blessing to you, to the parents you love so well, to your brother, and to all the children of France, in order that they follow your example in making an early First Communion, showing by this means their love of Jesus.

PIUS X, Pope.

"What a nice letter!" exclaimed Maureen. "Pius X," she added, "may be truly called the Children's Pope."

A BOY WHO NEVER MISSED A CHANCE

Some years ago there lived in Scotland a boy who, on leaving school, continued the good practice of going to daily Communion whenever possible. When he started work he found that the weekday Mass in his own church was too late for him, so he began to assist at 6:30 Mass in the monastery church on the hill. As he was living two miles from it, he was obliged to rise very early. Strange to say, this Scottish lad, during all the cold, dark months of the winter, went to Holy Communion every morning before the 6:30 Mass began; but during the warm, bright summer months he went only once a week—on Sundays.

What was the reason of this? He was an apprentice to a plumber, and from April to September his work began earlier than during the rest of the year.

He kept up this practice for many a year, for, as he said, he never wished to miss a chance of receiving our Lord. God blessed this youth, and gave him the vocation to the religious life.

Another young man was also a daily communicant. When a boy at school he became so careless that he used to stay away even on the Communion Sundays. After a children's mission he resolved to go to Holy Communion once a week. Encouraged by the good example of other boys, he kept up this practice. He happened to hear another big boy say that he loved to go to receive the Blessed Sacrament every morning, and that he would never miss a chance of going, for a Communion Day lost can never be regained by receiving twice on another day. He said also that if there was a question of getting a sovereign a day, it would be foolish for anyone to be satisfied with one gold piece a week. Now our faith tells us that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is worth more than all the treasures of this world, and so we should never lose an opportunity of receiving Him.

The young man was so impressed by what he heard that he resolved to become a daily communicant. Although it cost him a good deal to rise early every morning, still he found that as time went on it became easier. Moreover he always felt much better for it. After many years he told a priest that it was his experience that the older he grew the

more he came to realize and value the privilege of daily communion. "It is strange, Father," he said, "but as a lad I missed my monthly communion many a time. I see how foolish I was in those days."

"And what made you change?" inquired the priest.

"Well, one day, Father, a good boy happened to remark that no one would go to receive a sovereign once or twice a year if there was a chance of getting one every day; and so no one with a lively faith who realizes that Jesus Christ is the Sovereign of the world will receive Him only once or twice a year if there is an opportunity to have Him daily. I have resolved, Father," he added, "as long as God spares me and gives me strength, I shall never miss my daily Communion."

ONLY THE FOOL

"The fool hath said in his heart—There is no God." The oft-quoted Scripture adage has been re-echoed by the recent Norwegian convert, Johannes Jorgenson, in his autobiography:

"No one," he says, "becomes an atheist without having deserved it. Everyone has the faith he deserves to have. I became a free-thinker, not because Hoffding taught free thought, but because my mind was adapted to it. I became a moralist and immoralist, not because George Brandes induced me to it, but because my moral quality was not higher. Only he who has a heart can believe, only he who is good can accept Christianity. I was not good; I was a creature made up of imagination, sensibility and sensuality, consequently I was predestined to be 'liberated.' Like all weak characters I desired a life of freedom—and without responsibility."

The same truth was put more simply and briefly by Pascal years ago. "People usually say," he says, "if we had religion we would not sin." And he answers them with the words: "Stop sinning, and you will have religion."

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF LAUGHTER

D. F. MILLER, C. Ss. R.

Someone has said that laughter is closely akin to the piercing tones of grief. Often on a quiet evening you can hear the voice of a child far off in the distance—raised in high pitched tones and short shrieking sounds that make you stop for a moment and listen intently almost as if in fear that someone is in danger. Then you hear the more definite tones of an adult's laughter—and you pass on with a smile—knowing that the child was laughing too. For a moment its laughter was like the echo of childish tears.

Sometimes, too, laughter is at the expense of tears. While one man laughs—or even because one man laughs—another at times has cause for tears—and so the joys and the pains of life seem too often to be mingled. Despite all this—a story once happened in which the laughter was not akin to grieving—and in the end brought tears to no one. It was the laughter of a girl whose name was—Virginia.

I

Doctor Daniel F. Lyons was having rather a difficult time. Beneath his carefully brushed and parted hair there were pensive lines in his forehead; his dark blue eyes looked down aslant at his patient; and his face wore a half assumed, half natural air of gravity that was not unbecoming on one so young. Doctor Lyons had all the characteristics of a good physician—having acquired in only four years time a solid reputation in the profession; but over and above that fact he was very good looking and very young.

"What you need," he was saying dictatorially to his patient, while he fiddled deliberately with an instrument in his hands, "is not medicine—nor prescriptions. What you need is laughter. You need somebody to tickle that funny bone of yours—and make you snap out of this obsession that you haven't got a chance. Then maybe you'd give yourself a chance."

The young man on the bed smiled wanly—and looked drearily out of the window at the dazzling brightness of a summer day.

"I've heard all that before, Doctor," he said. "But a man can't fight facts. The facts have got me down. You won't tell me anything—

but I know only too well what T. B. means." He coughed suddenly—almost as if on purpose to make his statement more emphatic and his case more hopeless.

"Buncombe!" the doctor jerked out viciously. "I've told you plenty and I meant every word of it. There is no reason in the world why a man with your physique and your reserve power and in your condition should succumb to tuberculosis unless he thinks himself into it. And that's what you're doing to yourself."

"Oh, I don't think so. I've seen others go—the strong and the weak, the gay and the grave. I'm not worrying myself into it—but I am getting ready to go. You can't expect a man just on this side of the grave to get all warmed up over things in general. It's not being done." He smiled—not a bad sort of a smile—and it showed him to be not a bad looking young man himself. He had wavy black hair—sharp bright eyes—and a clear complexion over clean-cut features—all of which had lost much of their effect under the aura of sad resignation he had donned.

The doctor was disgusted. His patient—an old friend of his younger days—was not really very badly off at all—but this attitude towards his condition actually put him in danger. After looking thoughtfully out of the window for a moment or two—he turned sharply and said:

"Listen—I'm going to try one more remedy on you—and I've a feeling it's going to supply what's needed for your cure. I'm leaving town soon—but I'm going to send someone here to look after you in my place and apply this new remedy. If there's not a great improvement in your condition when I return—I'll give up. Till then—we'll leave your fate in the balance—as you seem to prefer to have it." He flashed his boyish smile at the pathetic figure on the bed—that belied all his attempted seriousness—and walked briskly from the room.

It was no easy task that Doctor Lyons had set for himself as a means to bring about the cure of Jimmy Bradley. He meant to find for him a nurse who would be more than a nurse—or rather, perhaps, less than a nurse. One who would inject a human element into the case that would awaken the young man from the cold apathy that had seized him; who would laugh with him and joke with him and hope with him—until there would be aroused in his heart a new interest in the thing called life.

Ethically, he decided, the thing would be perfectly all right. Jimmy Bradley he knew—from a long acquaintance with him—was as good as gold; no danger would arise from him. The girl—well, he would have to find one who could catch his idea in its entirety—with a personality that would attract—and a store of common sense that would make her—even while she threw herself wholeheartedly into the task in hand—yet count it but a humane, charitable and profitable experience in life. To find such a girl was his burning problem.

His mind had rejected about a dozen unconscious candidates from among the nurses of his acquaintance when, as he drove leisurely down the boulevard, he passed a house that had been well known to him in his childhood days—the home of the O'Malleys. He knew it—as everybody knew it—as a house of laughter and gaiety and song; where there were a number of girls who had more good clean fun and solid character in them than any other half dozen girls in the world. As he thought of them, he remembered suddenly that the youngest, whom he hardly knew since she had grown up—had taken a course in nursing. Her name was Virginia.

It took him only a few minutes—once he reached his office—to get in touch by telephone with Virginia. In a very mysterious manner he asked her to see him at his office on "business."

At the specified time Virginia was on hand. She was a striking little brunette of about eighteen summers—with features that were fair if not even beautiful, full of character and purpose in a way that made her truly lovely. Her wide open eyes and ringlets of woolly dark hair creeping at random about her brow—and her laughing lips formed a picture not soon to be forgotten. The doctor looked twice—three times at her before he spoke.

Old memories were recalled for a while at first—until they were both at their ease after the lapse of years during which their ways had scarcely ever crossed. The doctor was almost loathe to bring up "business"; but at last, after reminding her how in her baby days she used to bring her sisters back to life by a magic kiss on the forehead when they would play dead for her—he laid his plan before her.

Her reaction was immediate.

"But, Doctor," she said, "that's so utterly unprofessional—"

"Unprofessional—blazes!" he broke in. "I'm the physician in the

case. I'm prescribing. I can decide what treatment to use in a case. You're just working for me—see?"

She laughed at his earnestness—but finally agreed. They talked for some time over the details of the case—Jimmy's characteristics, the hours of duty, the proper treatment and so on. When all was agreed upon, Virginia arose to go.

"And listen," the doctor finished as he went to the door with her, "If you go at this right, it won't be long before Jimmy will be up and around again as usual. You'll know he's cured when he finally asks you for a date. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd even propose to you. That would be great." His eyes danced with mischief.

Virginia laughed. "If he does," she said, "You'd better keep his bed reserved in the hospital. I'll put him back as sure as you're alive."

Doctor Lyons saw the laughing lips and twinkling eyes of Virginia a long time after she was gone.

II

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Lyons' methods—his intentions were good and his diagnosis correct. But he had not foreseen what was going to happen. He returned from a medical conference one week after he had put Virginia on Jimmy Bradley's case—and found—as he had foretold—a marked change in the man who had given himself up. So marked was it that he immediately became more and more interested in the person who had caused it—Virginia.

He came into Bradley's room in the sanitarium on the first day of his return—and watched her carrying out the orders he had given her. She did not seem one bit embarrassed by his presence there—but went on with her lively chatter without even noticing him. When she did take notice of him it was only to turn on him the full force of her Irish banter till he quailed before it and left the room.

But he could not stay away. He talked to himself, busied himself with a multitude of things, even swore at himself—and yet again and again would find himself returning to Bradley's room during one of the hours he knew that Virginia would be there. After two more weeks he finally admitted to himself that he was in love—and threw all caution to the winds.

He might just as well have retained it—for all the difference it seemed to make with Virginia. She seemed to be, as it were, entirely

wrapped up with her patient. She talked to him, laughed with him, read to him, fed him medicine, took walks in the garden with him, just as had been prescribed—but to the doctor's eyes—she did it with an intimacy and a fervor that were all too genuine to be merely professional even in the way he had asked her to be. The only way she ever spoke to the doctor was when she would take him aside in a confidential way and ask solicitously about something concerning Jimmy—Jimmy's medicine, or Jimmy's exercise—or Jimmy's progress. Before the doctor could say anything over and above answering her questions—Virginia would rush back to her patient.

As for Jimmy—he soon appeared to be not only travelling the road to health—but to be actually in about the seventh heaven. Virginia's infectious laugh became his own—and the room that once sheltered the seriousness of a death chamber became known to the other patients as "the room where the laughing goes on." Many a time the doctor came in and stood by the window listening to the two young people carrying on some silly conversation that was punctuated by their laughter, in which he could not help joining—even against his will. Many a time he watched the fond look on Jimmy's face and the devotion in his eyes as they dwelt on Virginia—while she read to him with interpellations from some book or magazine. At such times he would usually stride from the room without a word—swearing in his heart that he would never return.

So the weeks went on—as Jimmy grew better and better—and Virginia grew even more lively and gay—and Dr. Lyons grew more hopelessly in love. Finally came the last straw when one day he overheard a conversation at the door of Jimmy's room. It had become his custom to stop before entering the room in order to don his most professional look and to steel himself against letting on to the pair within as to the state of his feelings. This day he stopped—and when he had overheard snatches of the conversation he did not enter.

"Who do you think should marry us?" Jimmy was saying just as the doctor arrived at the door. He dropped the box he was carrying at the sound of the words and left it lie. "I am in favor of our Pastor, Father Crosley. He and I were always great friends—and he'd get a big kick out of having the wedding."

"I think that can be arranged," Virginia was answering. "It's

often done that way—so we'll put Father Crosley down for the job." She was evidently taking notes—for the doctor heard the rustle of paper and the scratch of a pen. "Now about the wedding breakfast—do you want an elaborate one—at a hotel or something like that—or just a simple affair at home?"

"Oh, I'm in favor of the simplest thing possible," Jimmy replied, "In fact I'd like to get out of it entirely—but I guess you wouldn't hear of such a thing, eh?" They laughed together and then Jimmy went on: "Let's pass over that item for the time being and get a line on the bridesmaids and best men. How many do you think we ought to have?"

"At least a dozen," suggested Virginia—while their laughter rang out again.

Doctor Lyons had heard enough. He walked down the corridor with anything but professional dignity—and if anyone had been near him they would have heard him muttering things unintelligible about crazy patients and conniving nurses. He had been a match-maker, he decided, to his own ruin.

III

It was evening. The front of the sanatorium was clothed with shadows that stretched out over the lawns and flower-beds and winding driveways before—out beyond the road some fifty feet away. The sun was sinking gloriously behind the building.

A figure in white came out of the wide front entrance—appearing very tiny as it stood for a moment or two on the top step with the huge building forming a background behind it. As it hesitated before descending a car slid noiselessly around the curve of the driveway and another figure slipped out quickly from behind the wheel.

"Virginia!" Dr. Lyons dashed up the steps. He had been thinking of this girl so constantly that the sight of her suddenly before him was at the same time a surprise and a relief. Then he caught himself, and asked in a more matter of fact tone: "How is our patient this evening?"

Virginia was all smiles as she answered. "Wonderful. To tell the truth, I think he is almost cured." There was so much evident pleasure in her announcement that as usual it annoyed the doctor.

"To tell the truth I think he's been cured for a long time," he said drily. "You're a better doc than I am, Gunga Din." His levity sounded almost real.

Virginia descended a step or two as she replied. "That'll be enough of your blarney. I'm going home to dinner."

The doctor descended till he stood beside her—though he still towered over her. Something within him urged him to make a last stand—a last appeal. He took her earnestly by the arm.

"Listen, Virginia," he said, "How about going out to dinner with me tonight? You need a little relaxation after your strenuous labors—and I need—" he was going to say "you"—but he only paused an instant and then said—"some relaxation too."

The girl looked up at him doubtfully while his eyes pleaded. He was almost dumbfounded with joy when she quietly agreed.

"Alright," she said, "If you will take me home for a few moments first. We'll call it a business dinner—to hold a final conference about our patient." The doctor thought otherwise about it—but said nothing. He opened the door of the car for her and they drove off.

It was very comfortable and inviting in Shroeder's Inn, beyond the outskirts of the city. The outer dining room—closed in from the street only by wide-meshed lattice work and adorned with flowers that perfumed the air—was refreshingly cool. The white tablecloths, white backed chairs, white aproned waitors and white woodwork seemed to enhance the coolness and cleanliness of the place. The doctor and Virginia sat down to enjoy a long and leisurely meal. The waiter was fully ten minutes taking their orders—while they laughed and joked over each item proposed.

The talk during the meal was impersonal at first, but it could not remain so. All that was on the doctor's mind was aching for expression in a way that gradually became plain even to Virginia. At last the conversation swung around to "Jimmy."

"Jimmy's a great boy, isn't he?" he said, too nonchalantly, while he lit a cigarette between courses. "All the best that's in him is coming out now that he is better and has become acquainted with you."

"Yes," answered Virginia, her head averted. "He is a noble character. I enjoyed every minute of the time spent with him. I'm so sorry it's over." She sighed most realistically—but there was something implicit about her attitude that the doctor did not perceive.

He squirmed nervously in his chair.

"Did he—did he do what I told you to make him do? Did he ask you for a date?"

"Why, of course." Virginia's eyes widened as she answered and her tone as much as said—why shouldn't he? "That's how I knew my work was over. You told me that would be the sign—don't you remember? But he's going back home soon—and that means our professional relations are at an end." She emphasized the word "professional" as though there were other relations not at all severed.

Dr. Lyons placed his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands when he spoke again. It was as if his words were to be his last—his farewell message—which he would speak if he never spoke again. He looked straight into the eyes of the girl across from him as he began.

"There are two things, Virginia," he said, "that I never expected to come out of this job I gave you. I never for a moment thought that you would fall for Jimmy. I was a fool—Jimmy's too fine a lad—and I should have known better. But more than that—I had no idea in the world—" here his eyes dropped to the table and began examining the sugar bowl—"that I would fall for you. I fell for you the very day you left my office and I never got back on my feet. There—I'm sorry I did it—sorry I said it—sorry about everything—but that's off my chest. I had to let you know. I wish you happiness with Jimmy."

"O-oh!" exclaimed Virginia in a long drawn out interjection. "Oh!" she repeated—and the doctor did not see the amazing look that had come into her face. Her eyes widened in surprise—then they too dropped. A light blush overspread her features. Before the doctor saw it—she changed—and burst out into a peal of merry laughter.

"Oh, go ahead—laugh at me," he said doggedly—as he waved a fly away from the sugar bowl. "I know I've been a fool anyway you take it. So have your little fun about it."

Virginia cocked her head saucily on one side and looked at him joyously for just a moment before she asked:

"Don't you know why I laughed, you goop?"

"No," he answered curtly, "but I suppose it's about me."

"Yes, it's about you," she returned, and now her eyes were on the sugar bowl. "I laughed because I was so relieved. I was afraid all along that you were afraid I was serious about Jimmy."

Almost like a sunrise dispelling the darkness of night—a light came into the doctor's eyes and spread over his features. He arose as in a daze—and stood at her side—regardless of the people in other quarters of the room.

"Virginia!" was all he could say.

"Because," she continued where she had left off, "Jimmy told me the third day that I knew him that I reminded him of his sweetheart, and that he was determined then to get well for her sake. I helped him arrange for his wedding."

I was going to tell the end of this story, but I am sure there is no need. It is well known to everyone—how Virginia O'Malley was married in St. Rose's Church to Dr. Daniel F. Lyons with all the ceremony possible—how they laughed and danced at the wedding feast—how they were kissed and blessed and showered when they departed for their newly built and newly furnished home. There Virginia is still using the magic kiss of laughter to bring many a soul back to happiness and life.

She has three children now—and they, too, are learning the spirit of Virginia's laughter. And I am sure that when they too have grown up—and gone out into the world—the laughter of their hearts will never be akin to grieving—and will never be at the expense of someone else's tears.

DUTY FIRST

Recently General Henri Etienne Joseph Gouraud, the famous French General who commanded the rainbow division in the Campaign Sector in 1918, came to this country to attend the annual reunion of the United States Forty-Second or Rainbow Division. He was met at the station in Baltimore by the Rev. Joseph A. Bruneau, S.S., Professor of Theology at St. Mary's Seminary there. On alighting from the train, the General engaged in conversation, in French, with the priest.

"Father, what did the General say to you?" asked one of the reporters.

"He asked me what time he could get to Mass in the morning," replied Father Bruneau. "I told him the Cathedral was near his hotel and that he could attend the eight o'clock Mass there if he so wished, or any other Mass."

His first thought was of his religious duty.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

MARY AND THE SACRAMENTS

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. Ss. R.

"That I may often and devotedly receive the Sacraments, come to my help, O loving Mother."

Communion is the other Sacrament we have in mind when we make this prayer in the litany of our Mother of Perpetual Help. It is a prayer so dear to her that she cannot leave it unheard.

Communion! A union with Jesus that surpasses every other union here upon earth, so that it merits above all that name. It is not merely a coming of Jesus to us as He came to Lazarus and Martha and Mary, dwelling beneath their roof; or to Zacheus, the tax-gatherer; or to the Centurion, to cure his boy. How often when reading of these visits of Jesus have we said: Oh, that I had lived in that day!

Indeed, blessed were they who saw Him in His bodily Presence and believed. And yet, more blessed still, in our Saviour's own words, are we who have not seen and yet believe.

For, not into our city,—not into our houses merely,—but into our very hearts, comes He who is the joy of heaven, the Son of God and Son of Mary.

A touch of His hand, and lo! the sick were healed, the lame walked, the deaf heard, the blind saw, the scales of leprosy fell from the afflicted. A word, falling from those sweet lips, and lo! the dead rose,—the blood coursed once more through those veins, the eyes glistened with life, the cheeks glowed with the roses of health.

It is Jesus,—the same now and forever,—who comes into our hearts in Holy Communion. Is His power lessened? Is His love diminished? If He foresaw and gave this gracious gift of the Blessed Sacrament,—

this gift so far surpassing human thought and imagination,—if He summoned all His Divine Wisdom and Power to give it to us as a means of being with us most intimately,—must He not also have determined to make it the source of as many blessings to us as His earthly presence brought to the dwellers in Palestine?

Then He came to the world; but here He comes to you and to me, individually, intimately, all our own.

Ah, if we could enter into the Sacred Heart of the Saviour and understand the depths and ardors of that love that made Him give us Holy Communion, we might form some idea of His desire to have us receive it.

Mary, our Mother, understands better than any other. For the love of Jesus, then, she must desire that as many hearts as possible open to Her Boy.

She understands, too, how much Holy Communion means to us. And with a mother's love she yearns to lead us to this union with her Son in the Blessed Sacrament.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Reverend Fathers: Enclosed please find offering for a Mass of thanksgiving to our Mother of Perpetual Help, for a safe delivery and a beautiful and healthy son. Things looked pretty hard, but trust in my dear Mother of Perpetual Help brought us through. All the family send our sincere thanks to her.—A most grateful Mother, Kansas City.

* * *

Dear Fathers: I am sending an offering for a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of our dear Mother of Perpetual Help, for a big favor which she obtained for me.—A lover of our Blessed Mother, East Elmhurst, L. I.

* * *

Dear Fathers: Please accept the enclosed offering in keeping with a promise made to our Mother of Perpetual Help, if she would assist me in successfully completing a secretarial course. At that time, my study was so trying and difficult, that I considered it almost an impossibility to graduate in June. So I had recourse to her at once and I feel confident that her intercession helped me, for I received my diploma. Thanks to our Mother of Perpetual Help.—A client from Chicago.

Kindly accept offering for Masses in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help and of the Little Flower, for a big favor which has been granted to me. Please publish this in the LIGUORIAN to complete my promise.—C. J., St. Louis.

* * *

"I do not want this novena to end without making known publicly a favor I received some time ago. I was out of employment for four months and I could not even buy a job. I started the nine Tuesdays to our Blessed Mother and the day after the ninth Tuesday, I heard from a firm that had a very good paying position open. I went to see about it and was hired for the following Monday. Now my troubles began for I did not think that I would be able to hold it because the work was so complicated. I again started the nine Tuesdays and within two weeks was told by my boss that my work was being handled remarkably well. This credit I give not to myself but to our Mother of Perpetual Help.—A sincere client of Mary, St. Louis.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to offer public thanksgiving for the temporal favor I have received through your intercession. I had been attending the Tuesday devotions and praying that my father and brother would obtain work. Thanks to you, dear Mother, my brother has found work and my father has received a card to come back to his former position.

DOWN TO THE ROOTS

Father Degen, a noted English preacher, says:

"Piety should have its roots in character and conduct. If it is merely assumed, or is only skin deep,—it is of no more value than the rouge and paint with which the modern girl coats her face,—and it comes off just as easily as her complexion."

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—*Cobden*.

Never try to suppress a generous impulse or to crowd out a genuine feeling. Despair and discouragement is the only fruit of dry reasoning, unenlightened by the heart.—*Levin*.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE MAN WHO SPOKE NO LANGUAGE

From the Louisville Record we quote the following story, communicated from the missions by Rev. F. Wright:

Martin Hubert Nelissen was found dead on the road near Nagongera, and priests and people of the Vicariate of the Upper Nile, Uganda, wept. For his funeral missionaries trekked through African jungle to pay their respects and to breathe a prayer for his soul. The native Africans spoke in hushed sorrow of "Little Nelissen," "the man who spoke no language." But who was he and how did he become so dear to all?

Martin Hubert Nelissen was an architect and practical building contractor in his native town of Heerlen in Holland until the eventful day when he heard a missionary on sick leave speak of the difficulties of building churches on the missions. "We have no lay brothers," said the priest, "and few of the Fathers have any knowledge of building, though some know carpentry and are reading books on church construction. Some have put up substantial churches of dried brick and have learned by experience and by hints from Government workers. But none have time for both building and mission work. Will no one come to help?"

Mr. Nelissen stepped forward. He had no idea of a vocation to the brotherhood, but would give himself voluntarily, and immediately put aside all prospects at home. In 1922 he arrived in Africa with the missionary, Father Witlox, and established himself at Kakamega. Here he put the priest's house into "civilized" form and designed a church and school.

The bishop had started a technical school at Bu'uba, and Mr. Nelissen was called in as adviser for practical workshops. He designed, supervised, and helped the native workmen to erect the building. He then became instructor in theory and practice for the boys. In his new office as teacher he did wonders amongst his raw recruits. He taught

and worked with them by day, and in the evening gave the most intelligent of them lessons in drawing. Many of these youths are now set up for themselves and others are earning good salaries working for the mission or lay people. His success among the boys was great, which was remarkable since he spoke no language, but rather a mixture of four—Dutch, English, Swahili, and Luganda. The boys loved him and looked upon him as a father. He gave excellent example in practical Catholicity, attending Mass and receiving Communion daily.

Unfortunately he fell a victim to the dread black water fever and was ordered home by the doctors. Within a year he was back.

In December, 1929, he again had the black fever, and every thing humanly possible was done for him by loving hands. He recovered, relapsed, recovered. Told to rest, he tried to, but kept giving advice, drawing plans, travelling here and there.

He had overdone it; was found dead on the road. At his funeral priests and people vied in telling of the virtues of God's architect.

MANLY RELIGION

The Catholic News (Port-of-Spain), quoted by Ave Maria, gives currency to this remarkable letter from a correspondent about an American sailor:

"Last Saturday I had occasion to be in the Cathedral during the afternoon; the mission for the women of the parish had been preached during the week, and every confessional was besieged by them. Except for myself there was not a single other man in the sacred edifice.

"Suddenly a handsome young sailor rolled into the church—through the southern entrance, genuflected at the high altar, and looked around as if making up his mind to do something. Straightway he made for one of the confessionals and dived into it . . . A few minutes elapsed and the sailor swaggered out as he had gone in, genuflected once more at the high altar; and at the holy water basin at the same southern door he blessed himself, knelt on both knees for a few moments, and disappeared into the street . . .

"Honestly, I had never before fully realized what a manly thing confession could be until I saw that Catholic American sailor make his confession; and it must be remembered that the naval squadron had arrived in port only that day."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR

September is here. The vacation season is over. The school bells are ringing again. They seem to echo a call from two thousand years ago,—a gentle call yet commanding: Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yes, He, the Lover of the little ones, is present in our Churches, really and truly present,—awaiting, calling and welcoming all who come to Him.

But there near the portal of that Catholic School, could we but lift the veil, we would surely see Him, as the throngs of pupils file in. He smiles at each pupil as he passes. And as the last one has entered under the roof which shelters them even like His protecting Hands, He looks wistfully into the distance. Some are missing.

Where is that boy? Where is that girl?

Where is your boy? Where is your girl?

THE MISSING ONES

We have become so accustomed to regarding our Catholic schools and their splendid work with benign complacency, that we forget that they are caring for just about half of our Catholic children, and that a tremendous loss of Faith and a great leakage in numbers to the Church is going on all around us,—says Rev. Joseph J. Mereto, in a pamphlet just published by the Sunday Visitor Press.

“According to the latest available statistics, taken from the ‘World Almanac’ for the year 1930, there is about one pupil enrolled in all the elementary and secondary schools of the United States to every 4.3 of our total population. This general ratio for pupils irrespective of religious creeds, seems hereby to be confirmed, as also being approximately correct for Catholics in particular.

“Statistics in the 1929 issue of the ‘Official Catholic Directory’ inform us that in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati there is one Catholic pupil in the Catholic elementary and secondary schools to about every 4.7 of the Catholic population; in that of Portland, Oregon, one to

every 4.4; in the diocese of Fort Wayne, one to every 4.2; and in that of Savannah, one to every 4.0.

"Since in these places there are also many Catholic children attending the public schools, it would seem that there is an average of one Catholic pupil enrolled in all the elementary and secondary schools, Catholic and public combined, to considerably less than every 4.3 of their total diocesan Catholic population.

"As there seems to be no reason why there should be a notably lower average percentage of such Catholic children in other dioceses, and as there are 20,112,758 Catholics in the United States, there should be according to the aforesaid ratio of 1 to 4.3, at least 4,677,358 Catholic pupils enrolled in all the elementary and secondary schools of our country."

Now, in reality, there are approximately 2,500,000 children enrolled in our Catholic schools. There must therefore, according to Father Mereto's figures, be about 2,000,000 Catholic children in the public schools.

A USEFUL QUESTIONNAIRE

About a year ago, Msgr. James H. Ryan, of the Catholic University, made the following trenchant remarks concerning Catholic education in America. It would be well to keep them in mind when our stand on the school question is again misrepresented. He said:

"Do we in fact oppose the public school? It would be difficult to point out one well-attested fact of opposition. Have organized Catholics ever voted against school appropriations, have they ever opposed the building of new schools; have they in any state of the Union stood out against the development of public education?

"We have served on school boards, in State legislatures, as Governors of States, in Congress,—and there is not a single recorded instance of opposition to public education as such. In those populous States where Catholics are a strong minority, and where it would be easy to do so, do you know of any instance where we have hampered, badgered, or stood out against adequate money support for the public school? The truth is that Catholics have bent backwards in trying to be fair to the public school.

"Let us then consider for a moment the religious school. What does existence of the religious school entail?

"It means that we are dissatisfied with, not opposed to, public education, and this dissatisfaction arises not because it is public education, but because it is secular education; that is to say, education based upon non-religious ideals, motivated by non-religious principles, issuing in a product which is non-religious, when it is not anti-religious.

"The State may for reasons of its own, secularize its schools. That does not mean that all citizens, in order to be patriotic, have to accept such secularization and conform their beliefs and practices to the educational compromises forced by conditions upon the State. Such doctrine is tyranny; were it quite generally and to its full consequences accepted, it would spell the end of individual liberty."

"THE NAME THEY GO BY"

There is a story that is told by Humphrey J. Desmond, editor of *The Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, of a small boy who was selling mince pies at a railroad station. By way of advertising his wares he kept shouting, "Hot mince pies! Hot mince pies!" A listener bought one of the pies but found it quite cold. He remonstrated with the boy saying, "Why do you call these pies hot?" "Because," replied the boy smartly, "that's the name they go by, sir."

"There are Christians and Catholics whose religion is cold, whose piety is dead; but still they are denominated Catholics, in short, 'it is the name they go by.' They give no evidence of the faith that is in them. They hear Christian principles denied and ridiculed in conversation, and they enter no objection.

"We listen, for instance, to the superficial conclusion 'it makes no difference whether a man goes to church or not—does he pay his debts?' But it does make a difference, and we know that it does. We should say so whether or not we are prepared at the time to discuss the proposition. (The man of good life, notwithstanding that he does not go to church, is usually drawing upon the heredity of a church-going ancestry, or leaning upon the moral rectitude of the Christian community about him.) However, it is not necessary to argue; but it is a duty to enter our objection to the skeptic proposition made in our presence.

"We have known church-going people to sit about and hear it said: 'This religious business is all a matter of graft anyway.' Here is a chance to show you are a Christian and not a 'cold mince pie.'"

Catholic Events

Nearly 10,000 delegates and visitors were attracted to Boston by the forty-eighth supreme convention of the Knights of Columbus which opened there on Aug. 19. The report of William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary, revealed that the total membership of the K. of C. is now nearly 625,000, and is distributed among 2,555 subordinate councils of the United States, Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, the Philippine Islands, Newfoundland, Panama, and Alaska. The Order instituted 13 new councils and admitted 37,572 members during the year ending June 30.

The suggestion was made by Supreme Knight, Martin H. Carmody, that the Supreme Council celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1932, by meeting in Washington, D. C., to unveil a memorial to Cardinal Gibbons. The Order will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on March 29, 1932.

* * *

"To a doctor it is astounding," said Dr. W. A. Freedman, a Jew, when discussing the case of his patient, Miss Emma Johnson, who after having been four years in bed, is able to walk after a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

She had suffered from tubercular peritonitis, and was taken to Lourdes on a stretcher. She was so bad when she went that her doctor told her he did not think she should undertake the journey.

"Can you offer any natural explanation?" the reporter asked the Jewish doctor.

"No, I cannot," said Dr. Freedman. "It seems—well—miraculous. What particularly impresses me is that she is able to walk after four years in bed. A healthy person would find difficulty in walking under such circumstances."

The doctor added that the girl is still weak. He would not declare that she was cured, preferring to wait the passage of time before forming an opinion. This is, of course, the attitude of all Catholics at Lourdes concerning all reported improvements.

* * *

With returns to date indicating that about 75,000 children will have attended 1,000 religious vacation schools in approximately 100 dioceses of this country in the year 1930, the Rev. Dr. Edwin V. O'Hara, Director of the Rural Life Bureau of the N. C. W. C., and Bishop-elect of Great Falls, Montana, has drawn the three following conclusions from developments this year:

First, that children can be assembled for a month of religious education in the summer even under adverse and seemingly unpromising conditions.

Second, that teachers can be secured through diocesan organization.

Third, that as a consequence, what is required for a religious vacation school movement in the future is a maintenance of standards.

With the maintenance of the standards now set up, Dr. O'Hara said, religious vacation schools have been assured a place as an institution of religious education for hundreds of thousands of children.

At the Catholic Rural Life Conference, to be held from Aug. 26 to 28 at Springfield, Ill., special attention will be given to the Religious Vacation School.

* * *

The Rt. Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Bishop of Omaha, has extended to the Catholic Laity of America a cordial invitation to attend the Sixth National Eucharistic Congress to be held in Omaha from September 23 to 25. He also asked that the faithful pray fervently that God's blessing may rest upon this great religious demonstration.

* * *

The city of Cleveland erected a new county court house. On it they placed nine statues of men who represent the source of the law and its development in English-speaking countries. Out of the nine, six are Catholics: Pope Gregory I., commonly called the Great; Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal; Kings Alfred the Great and Edward I of England; Simon de Montfort, the distinguished Catholic layman who introduced the House of Commons into England.

* * *

The notable achievements of the Catholic Central Verein in the interests of the Church and country during the seventy-five years of its existence were highly commended by eminent churchmen and distinguished statesmen at the Diamond Jubilee convention which was held at Baltimore from August 17 to 20.

The contributions of the organization in the field of education, charity, sociology and Catholic Action were characterized as potent factors in the formation of Catholic life in this country, and the work which has been carried on with an increasing modicum of success for three-quarters of a century was declared to have been of incalculable value to the Church and to the nation.

As in former years the addresses and resolutions of the convention dealt not only with religious questions but also with economic and industrial problems. Constructive action to ameliorate the condition of the unemployed was advocated and the tendency of industrial establishments to reduce wages was condemned as an injustice to the workers and economically unsound.

Speakers at the convention included Bishop Hugh C. Boyle, of Pittsburgh; the Very Rev. A. J. Muerch, rector of St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis.; Msgr. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore; Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland; Frederick P. Kenkel, K. S. G., of St. Louis; Msgr. Joseph Och, president of the Pontifical College Josephinum, Columbus, Ohio; Charles Korz, former president of the Central Verein, of Butler, N. J.; and the Rev. John M. Beierschmidt, C.Ss.R., of Baltimore.

Bishop Boyle delivered the sermon at the Opening Mass. He condemned the spirit of irreligion so widely prevalent in our day, and paid a high tribute to the Central Verein for its persevering work in the interests of the Church and for the advancement of the public weal.

Governor Ritchie spoke at the mass meeting held on the opening day at the Lyric Theater. After welcoming the convention and felicitating the organization, he took occasion to express his views on religious liberty, Catholic education and federal paternalism. He declared that he considered the parochial schools just as important for the country as the public schools and that the former were entitled to legislative protection in order that their usefulness might not be impaired.

Delegates traveled from all parts of the country to attend the annual gathering of this pioneer Catholic organization, some of them from such distant points as California, Oregon and Texas. In all more than three hundred priests and laymen took part in the deliberations, while the sessions of the Catholic Women's Union, an Auxiliary of the Central Verein, were attended by a large number of representative Catholic women.

Fort Wayne was selected as the convention city for 1931.

* * *

Franklin Ford, manager and announcer of station WHAP, has announced that the Defenders of Truth Society, of which he is president, has purchased station WOAX of Trenton, N. J., "as the first link in a proposed national chain of Protestant radio voices." The statement declared that the society aims to "break the grip of popery" for millions of this country!

* * *

"Under the leadership of Archbishop Leopold Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, and His Grace, the Most Rev. Pascual Diaz, Archbishop of Mexico City, the Catholic men and women of Mexico are taking up in a most earnest manner the work of organizing a program of Catholic action that will extend to every parish in their country," said William F. Montavon, director of the legal department of the N. C. W. C., following his return on Aug. 14 from a two-week tour of Mexico.

* * *

Some public school official in Rio Grande County, Colorado, openly refused to consider the application of a young woman for a teaching position because she is a Catholic. Miss Catherine McNulty, the young woman involved, received from Charles W. McLain, Superintendent of Schools, the following letter:

"I regret to inform you that my board will not allow me to consider applicants of your religious belief."

The Knights of Columbus and the *Denver Register* took up the matter and the Superintendent, a young man, sent an apology to the *Denver Register*, which seems to be sincere and satisfactory. He said: "I wish to give assurance to the Catholic people . . . that the policy of non-discrimination will certainly be applied by me in the future and all teachers will be hired solely on their merits."

Some Good Books

The Christian Latin Literature of the First Six Centuries. By Abbe Bardy. Translated by Mother Mary Reginald, O. P. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis. 222 pages. Price, \$1.35.

I am very glad to present this book to our Catholic readers. I believe that it will be a very desirable book for high school libraries, while of course, the priest and the student will read it with delight. But the Catholic layman, too, who is interested in his Faith, will find it not only profitable but also interesting.

One cannot help appreciating the beautiful and yet solid summaries of the various periods of Christian Latin Literature that make the book so readable. They show the master's hand; for it is well known that Abbe Bardy is an authority in this field.

But unexpected pleasure comes to one on finding questions that were in one's mind answered incidentally. For instance, as to the authorship of the *Te Deum* (from which our "Mighty God" was derived), he says:

"We learn from St. Paulinus that Nicetas also wrote hymns. Was he the author of the *Te Deum*? Fresh testimony has recently been produced in favor of this hypothesis that to the Bishop (Nicetas) of Remesiana and not to St. Ambrose, we owe this grand canticle of the Church. It has not yet been proved, but it is a moving thought that this triumphant chant should have first resounded in the distant regions of Dacia."

Again, you may have wondered, did Christian women in those early days give literary expression to their faith? We know how early they turned to the work of teaching, which has been their master work ever since. Here we find among the early poets of Christianity "Proba, a noble Roman lady, who in the middle of the fourth century conceived the idea of translating the Biblical narrative into verse, in terms borrowed exclusively from Virgil."

And, only a little later, we are told, the Spanish nun, Etheria or Egeria, "who at the end of the fourth century visited not only Palestine but also Egypt, the penin-

sula of Sinai, Mesopotamia, and the tomb of St. Thomas at Edessa," wrote a very vivid account of her travels. "She was a very intelligent and educated woman, who reflected on what she saw and afterwards related it, not without charm."

I recommend these parting words of the author for your meditation:

"The Renaissance, which reintroduced the cult of the pagan authors,—who had already been honored and cultivated in the Middle Ages,—made her sons unjust to the Christian writers. All they owed to them was forgotten: the many words they created, the many happy expressions and formulas they had introduced; the modes of thinking and speaking of which they were the authors. These sons of the Renaissance were unwilling to acknowledge that our modern tongues and our whole genius were formed by those early writers.

"Today we seem to be more just in the appreciation of our literary ancestors and we adjudge to them a more correct place in the history of Christian thought and Western Civilization."

This little volume is Volume XII of the new series of books which is being published under the title of "The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge." You may like to hear the titles of some of the other volumes of this series, all of which are worthy of recommendation. Here are some:

The Church in Modern Times, 1447-1789. By Canon Leman.

The Cradle of the Bible. By Msgr. Legendre.

The Moral Law of the Family. By P. Meline.

The Last Things. By Abbe A. Michel.

Saint Paul. By Abbe Tricot.

The Papacy. By Abbe Mourret.

Hoiness in the Church. By R. Plus, S. J.

Creation and Evolution. By Canon Sendrens.

The Church in the Early Centuries. By Abbe Amann.

Religious Music. By Abbe Aigrain.

There are others equally attractive. All the volumes are uniform in size and price.

Lucid Intervals

"Say, looky hya, Rastus, you know what you're doin'? You is goin' away fo' a week and they ain't a' stick of wood cut for de house."

"Well, what you'all whin' about, woman? I ain't takin' de axe wid me, am I?"

Meek voice over the telephone: "Doctor, this is Mr. Henpeck. My wife has just dislocated her jaw. If you're out this way next week or the week after, you might drop in and see her."

"Dear, dear, you mustn't play with daddy's razor, baby. Mother has a can of peaches to open."

Beautiful Saleslady—"Could I interest you in a Packard?"

Youth—"Lady, you could interest me if you were in a second handed flivver!"

Tad—"Dad, how do they catch crazy people?"

Dad—"With rouge, powder, permanent waves, smiles and sweet nothings, my boy."

Bill—"I want some winter underclothes."

Clerk—"How long?"

Bill—"How long? I don't want to rent them, I want to buy 'em."

In a certain Southern city where Edgar Allen Poe once lived, the house in which he lived has been made over into a museum and many strangers visit the place when in the city.

A lady traveler arrived at the railroad station one day and getting into a taxicab, said to the ebony black driver, "Take me to the Poe House." After a long tiresome ride, the cab drove up in front of a large cold looking brick building resembling a prison. "Is this the Poe House?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, it sho'ly is," said the driver. Looking closely at the sign in front of the building, the lady read—County Almshouse.

"I'm leaving Saturday night," said the boarder. "Such dirty towels—a rim around the bathtub, and never any soap."

"Well," said the landlady, "you have a tongue in your head, haven't you?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but what do you think I am—a cat?"

A story is told of a Negro boy, who was a runner for General Lee, during the Civil War.

Late one stormy night the General sent the little Negro to another part of the camp with a message of high importance. The little fellow made his way through the storm to quarters of the other officer. After great difficulty he awakened the man and got him to the door, in a ferocious humor, however.

"What in the world are you coming here this time of night for? And in this storm? I can't imagine what General Lee was thinking," he growled.

"That's just it," said the little runner. "If you ever had a thought like General Lee your head would bust wide open."

Willie—"Say, pa, didn't Edison make the first talking machine?"

Pa—"No, my son. God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

Breathless Visitor—Doctor, can you help me? My name is Smith.

Doctor—No, I'm sorry; I simply can't do anything for that.

"Owens is sort of a human dynamo."

"That fellow! Why se hasn't enough energy to work and pay his bills."

"Exactly! Everything he has on is charged."

Eliza—"Ah don' hold wid dem spiritua-lists no mo."

Mandy—"Huccum dat?"

Eliza—"Ah went to one of dem meet-in's to find out whah is at mah earrings what disappear', an' all Ah finds out is dat mah necklace disappears."

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